

## The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.  
Published Daily Except Sunday by The Evening World Publishing Company, Inc. 22 East 42nd St., New York.  
Ralph Pulitzer, President, 42 East 42nd St., New York.  
Arthur Hays Sulzberger, Treasurer, 42 East 42nd St., New York.  
Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., Secretary, 42 East 42nd St., New York.  
Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.  
Subscriptions: Five Cents a Week. For Foreign and the Continent and World for the United States and Canada. All Countries in the International Postal Union.  
One Year, \$1.00. One Year, \$1.00. One Year, \$1.00.  
VOLUME 66. NO. 19,734

## A PERIL TRANSFERRED.

THE four hundred and seventy-eight composite cars which were ordered out of the subway because they catch fire and burn are now pronounced by the Public Service Commission good enough for the elevated.

Chairman McCall and two of his associates, Commissioners Williams and Wood, made this happy announcement yesterday to the Interborough, which is therefore free to add these part wooden cars to its rolling stock on the Second and Third Avenue elevated lines.

Such is progress! Not only does the Public Service Commission permit the further use of cars which will burn as readily in one place as another, but it fails even to make provision for their gradual withdrawal to give way to thoroughly fireproof stock. Unless the Interborough engineers decide they are too heavy for the elevated structure, these cars which have been a menace underground will, with the cordial sanction of three Public Service Commissioners, become a menace above ground.

Commissioners Cram and Hayward, maintaining that wooden cars are obsolete in all places and not to be tolerated longer than the time needed to replace them with steel, voted against the transfer. Chairman McCall, now that last winter's fires and accidents in the subway and on the elevated are well in the past, is inclined to deal gently with the Interborough.

If we had a Public Service Commission worthy of the name not another wooden car would be ordered for any line, elevated or subway, in the city, and the wooden cars now in use on the elevated would disappear as fast as steel cars could be furnished to take their places. Must New York suffer some new and terrible catastrophe before the all-steel-car movement again gathers headway?

At this rate a dollar will be offering to reach up and shake hands with a pound sterling.

## ITS WORTHY MOMENTS.

IN HIS eloquent indictment of patronage and invisible government ex-Senator Root made a masterly effort to lift the Constitutional Convention to a plane of dignity and responsibility worthy of the State of New York. His speech urging the adoption of the shorter ballot fairly shamed the convention out of the cynicism, the political bargaining which have marred its work:

While millions of men are fighting and dying for their country across the ocean; while government is become sober, serious, almost alarming in its effect upon the happiness of the lives of all who are dearest to us, it is our inestimable privilege to do something here in moving our beloved State along the pathway toward better and purer government, a more pervasive morality and a more effective exercise of the powers of government which preserve the liberty of a people.

Framing the organic law of a commonwealth is as great and responsible a task as ever it was. Even a workaday world can never be persuaded that practical politics must be allowed to bring all its methods to the making of a constitution. The present convention has had its hours of sordidness. But it has shown itself not insensible to pleas like that of Senator Root.

Kitchener's "Billions Have Left England.—Headline. That "Spring drive" would look better before the leaves fall.

## WHERE ARE OUR CHEMISTS?

"CHEMICAL EDISON" is what this country is looking for, according to Dr. Thomas H. Norton, agent of the Department of Commerce.

Dr. Norton has come to New York to visit the leading chemical and dye-producing concerns with a view to starting American laboratories on the great work of finding means to manufacture American dyestuffs that will replace those of Germany. Textile industries are clamoring for millions of dollars' worth of dyes that they cannot get.

Yet right here on our own shores we have all the raw materials for dye-making in abundance. We have bought \$15,000,000 of potash every year from Germany "while off our coasts are supplies of potash-yielding kelp which are believed to have a value of \$150,000,000, now going to waste."

The greatest opportunity in the nation's history to develop an enormous industry that shall hold its own with all competitors henceforth. Plenty of natural resources, plenty of capital to handle them. Our engineers are equal to any task. Our inventors astonish the world. What is the matter with our chemists?

It is nearly safe to praise the Summer.

## Hits From Sharp Wits.

A man may get all that is coming to him and yet get not a thing that he wants.

Your up-to-date film-fammer never puts off doing to-day the people he can do to-morrow.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Truth is not only stranger than fiction, but also a great deal scarier.

A boy feels that he has attained

full manhood when he gets big enough for the conductor to collect fare from him.—Macon News.

This is the season of family reunions, when people like to each other about looking as young as they did twenty years ago.

Many a man fails to succeed because he wastes too much time upon bewailing his hard luck.—Albany Journal.

## Letters From the People

Try These on Your Dietograph. To the Editor of The Evening World:

Regarding a recent controversy as to long words in the English language I beg to state that I have several of them, all found in the dictionary, and being in the hyphenated order: Twenty-four letters, palato-pharyngo-laryngeal and transubstantiationists; twenty-three letters, esculapionoproparietal and electro-phosphorography; twenty-two letters, metaphysicotheological, pseudocommentaryedonous and honorific-motodinity; twenty-one letters, un-

distinguishableness, anticonstitutionalist, disproportionableness, photochromolithograph, cryptocrystallization and electro-dynamometrical. Who can beat that? MAURICE.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Permit me to commend you and your fearless editorial, "Lawless Territory," recently published, which had the true ring and carried with it a suggestion of the proper kind of punishment that should be meted out to the State of Georgia for the treatment of Leo Frank. M. L.

## The Rivals

By J. H. Cassel



## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Overnight, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)  
MRS. JARR returned from the office early to accompany Mr. Jarr and the children and the ever faithful Gertrude, for an afternoon's outing to the seashore.

Upon this occasion Gertrude would not run very light, as it would devolve upon her to convey all the adjuncts of the proposed "Sanitary, Anti-Sunburn, Pure Food Law" outing—the sun umbrella and the whole some picnic dainties, carefully selected by Mrs. Jarr.

So Mr. Jarr came hurrying up the street to the house, expecting the family would be impatiently waiting to start on the outing, with all prepared.

Mrs. Jarr was haranguing the two children.

"There is your father now!" Mrs. Jarr exclaimed as the husband and father entered smiling and said, "I'm going to make him give you a whipping!" Here she turned to Mr. Jarr. "Papa, what do you think? Willie hasn't washed his neck. And Emma insists on wearing her white lace dress with the pink silk sash, and you know she'll just ruin it!"

Willie Jarr, at the sight of his father, scudded off to the bathroom to make a perfunctory attempt at washing the back of his neck. He decided to wash well, if not wisely. Omitting to remove his wide collar, he returned with a neck that would stand full sanitary inspection at last, but with a collar that was out of the running as holiday attire. It happened to be the last big clean collar, and Mrs. Jarr wailed again.

However, another and less ornate shirt and collar were found for Master Willie; and the little girl, winning her point regarding the wearing of her best dress, and Master Willie were sent out to the sidewalk and out of the way, with dire warnings of a postponed excursion to the seashore if they left the doorstep or soiled their attire till the procession was ready to move.

The children being out of the way, and the basket of provisions packed, Gertrude—who had been dressed in her best since before breakfast—announcing that all was ready, Mrs. Jarr sat down and tearfully declared she was all tired out and was not able to go.

"You take the children and Gertrude and go, and I'll stay home!" whimpered Mrs. Jarr. "I'm all worn out and I have a headache, and I'll only spoil your enjoyment and the children's!"

Mr. Jarr understood the symptoms. It is always this way with the ladies. They wish to be coaxed to go anywhere they really desire to go. This for many reasons, but especially that they may absolve themselves from blame if the event to be participated in proves a disappointment for any reason whatever.

So Mr. Jarr coaxed and pleaded, as a good husband should, and with many dismal prophecies and forebodings—come true, alas!—Mrs. Jarr arose and tottered from closet to bureau and attired herself in a costume which as soon as she had it on she decided would not be suitable; and the tiring process—it is a splendid expression when connoted with putting on feminine apparel—was repeated, with the help of Gertrude, Mr. Jarr and the mirror.

Then Mrs. Jarr kalsomined herself again, asked Mr. Jarr to put her gloves in his pocket, took them out again and put them on, asked if the

dress she was wearing looked all right or if it was too transparent, sat down and cried a little and declared she did not want to go, was coaxed by Mr. Jarr and Gertrude, declared she knew the rest would enjoy themselves much better without her, got up before her mirror again and once more powdered her nose, debated whether it would rain and whether she would not better put on another dress.

Then she suddenly turned on Mr. Jarr and demanded to know why he was hanging back. Mr. Jarr soothed her—he had been through all this before—and they started for the street.

At the street door they found Master Willie and little Emma, together with little Johnnie and Mary Rangle and Master Isidore Slavinsky, all in holiday attire.

"It's all right, mamma," Master Willie Jarr explained. "Johnnie and Mary and Izzy can go with us!" Mrs. Jarr rose in revolt, but the children set up a clamor and Mr. Jarr declared that three children more would make no difference. But trouble was coming; Mrs. Jarr "felt it in her bones."

Cupid's Summer Correspondence By Alma Woodward  
Copyright, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)  
Her True Lover.  
PSYCHE, dearest: In sending you my last record of Rosemarie I feel that I am parting with something very dear and close to me. They say anticipation is greater than realization. But it isn't always so.

I've been feeling "queer" about giving up my little girl, but now that the moment has actually come—now that I've set my sacred seal on her heart and have turned away, alone, there is an ache in my throat and not a bit of pink in the sunset or silver in the moon.

It's a foolish way for Cupid to be, isn't it, Psyche? A mortal would say: "Oh, he's used to that—it's his business." But no matter how "used" you are to a thing, there is always a phase of it that still has power to move you.

## The Jarrs Are Off for the Beach!

Alas, There Are Breakers Ahead

Copyright, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

dress she was wearing looked all right or if it was too transparent, sat down and cried a little and declared she did not want to go, was coaxed by Mr. Jarr and Gertrude, declared she knew the rest would enjoy themselves much better without her, got up before her mirror again and once more powdered her nose, debated whether it would rain and whether she would not better put on another dress.

Then she suddenly turned on Mr. Jarr and demanded to know why he was hanging back. Mr. Jarr soothed her—he had been through all this before—and they started for the street.

At the street door they found Master Willie and little Emma, together with little Johnnie and Mary Rangle and Master Isidore Slavinsky, all in holiday attire.

"It's all right, mamma," Master Willie Jarr explained. "Johnnie and Mary and Izzy can go with us!" Mrs. Jarr rose in revolt, but the children set up a clamor and Mr. Jarr declared that three children more would make no difference. But trouble was coming; Mrs. Jarr "felt it in her bones."

Cupid's Summer Correspondence By Alma Woodward  
Copyright, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)  
Her True Lover.  
PSYCHE, dearest: In sending you my last record of Rosemarie I feel that I am parting with something very dear and close to me. They say anticipation is greater than realization. But it isn't always so.

I've been feeling "queer" about giving up my little girl, but now that the moment has actually come—now that I've set my sacred seal on her heart and have turned away, alone, there is an ache in my throat and not a bit of pink in the sunset or silver in the moon.

It's a foolish way for Cupid to be, isn't it, Psyche? A mortal would say: "Oh, he's used to that—it's his business." But no matter how "used" you are to a thing, there is always a phase of it that still has power to move you.

That is how it was with Rosemarie. She was extra-everything. In daintiness, fickleness, affection, wilfulness and pity—adorable always—and uncertain.

Last Tuesday night they gave a huge fancy dress ball at the hotel—the proceeds to go to the little mid-nettes of Paris, those pathetic exponents of "Amour pour un jour, pour une mois, pour jamais!" Rosemarie appeared at ten. Her prim little gold curls bobbed from under a huge, coal scuttle bonnet of satin, baby blue. Her dress was a quilted, azure thing of the early eighteenth century; her shoulders, pearly-bare, gave where two strands of forget-me-nots held her bodice in place. She carried a prim little Kate Greenaway bouquet of moss roses with delicate lace ruffles framing it. As she reached the lowest step of the great stairway a strapping youth in the armor of Sir Galahad broke through the crowd. The hundreds of lights were reflected in his brilliant mane and directed to his face, a radiance about his strong, handsome face.

Rosemarie looked and looked, the rose-flush growing in her cheeks, her little lips, all moist and sweet, parting and closing in sudden timidity. Then her hands relaxed and the tiny bundle of lace and roses fell at her feet. Galahad dropped to an armored kneel and picked it up.

That was just a week ago. Of course he was my choice, but even now I begrudge her to him. Last night, Galahad, in white mackinaw and flannels, took her in his roadster to a high spot, a real jumping-off place that commanded a marvellous view of the ocean.

They watched the moon rise. Not a word passed between them. As the first silver edge cut the blue-black of the horizon his hand closed over her cold, little fingers—and very slowly she leaned toward him till his arms

## Editorials by Women

## "PREPAREDNESS" IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

IN this day when "preparedness" is the chief topic of consideration, there is something to be said as to where it should begin.

Nobody disputes the fact that lessons gleaned in youth are the most enduring. In order to create the spirit of the soldier in time of need, it should begin in the early days when the young mind and character are in the process of development. The Evening World has advocated activities in the public schools in the nature of drills that inspire self-reliance and defense. Gen. Leonard Wood and many other prominent officials have heartily endorsed them.

While mothers do not bring up their boys to be soldiers, every mother would rather that her boy had instilled in him the valor of patriotism and self-reliance that would stand him in good stead should it be necessary for him to be a soldier on the emergency call. Her pain would be less keen if she knew that he was not unprepared when fight was necessary.

In order to create such qualities as later must needs develop the soldier it is unnecessary to shoulder guns or to encourage the spirit to kill or indulge in cheap heroics. But there are a number of lessons and drills and exercises that not only go into the making of a good soldier but a good citizen as well. These may be incorporated in the curriculum of the school with profit in the way of preparedness.

No matter how anti-war the feeling may be, no one denies the injunction: "In time of peace prepare for more."

## The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

Copyright, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

No. 46.—THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO; by Edgar Allan Poe.

FORTUNATO—rich, popular, a peerless connoisseur of wine—had an enemy, the most deadly type of enemy; a man he did not know was his foe. This enemy was Montresor. Fortunato had heaped a thousand injuries on Montresor and had secretly despised him as mean-spirited for not resenting them. But Montresor had stored them all away in his heart and patiently bided his time.

And at last the time was ripe.

One evening, at the climax of the carnival season, Fortunato was lurching homeward half drunk from a masquerade debauch. He was dressed as a court jester.

As he staggered along, Montresor stopped him with gayly effusive greetings. Montresor presently mentioned that he had just bought a cask of Amontillado—a rare wine and difficult at that time to procure—and he respectfully begged Fortunato to come to the Montresor cellars and pass judgment on its genuineness.

Fortunato was vastly proud of his cleverness at judging the quality of wine. He gladly consented. And presently the two men were at the gateway of the Montresor house.

No servants were in attendance, for their master had given all of them leave to spend the night at the carnival revels.

So Montresor himself, torch in hand, guided his guest through the house and conducted him to the damp subcellars where the wine was stored. These cellars had been used as catacombs. Human bones still adorned the wall and the floor.

On the way the host paused and carefully pointed out his family coat of arms graven on a panel.

The motto blazoned thereon was "Nemo me impune lacessit" ("No one may safely injure me").

As they came to a niche Montresor stepped aside, saying: "Proceed. Herein lies the Amontillado."

Fortunato stumbled drunkenly forward into the niche. Montresor, following closely, snatched up one end of a short chain that was imbedded in the masonry, passed it around his guest's body and fastened it with a padlock which he clamped shut.

So rapidly did he fetter the victim to the wall that Fortunato's befuddled brains could not take in what was happening.

The instant he had chained his enemy Montresor turned to a pile of stones and mortar nearby and began swiftly to wall up the entrance of the niche. A moaning cry from the fettered man warned him that the shock was beginning to clear away his foe's drunkenness.

Fortunato was tugging vainly to tear himself free from the chain. Then a succession of shrill screams echoed from the niche.

Montresor worked on in fierce haste, piling up and cementing tier after tier of stones.

At last the niche was walled in, all save one stone. Montresor paused with the last stone already mortared and ready to slip into place. A muffled laugh sounded from the niche.

"For the love of God, Montresor!" shrieked the prisoner. "Yes," cheerily answered Montresor; "for the love of God."

Then fell a deadly silence. Montresor threw his torch into the little gap that awaited the placing of the last stone. Then he put his final stone in place, and groped his way back toward the upper regions of the house, muttering as he went:

"May he rest in peace!"

## Wit, Wisdom and Philosophy

By Famous Authors

ON ENVY: By Lord Bacon.

THERE be none of the affections which have been noted to fascinate or bewitch, but love and envy. They both have vehement wishes, they frame themselves readily into imaginations and suggestions and they come easily into the life. Scripture calleth envy an evil eye, and the astrologers call the evil influence of the stars evil aspects. So that still there seemeth to be acknowledged in the evil of any envious person as apt to envy others, what persons are most subject to be envied themselves and what is the difference between public and private envy?

A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envied virtue in others. For men's minds will either feed upon their own goodness or upon other's evil, and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other and who is out of hope to attain to another's virtue will seek to come even by depressing another's fortune.

A man that is busy and inquisitive is commonly envious, for to know much other men's matters cannot be because all that do may concern his own estate, therefore it must needs be that he taketh in kind to play pleasure in looking upon the fortunes of others.

Men of noble birth are noted to be envious toward new men when they rise, for the distance is altered and it is like a desert of the eyes that others come in they think themselves go back.

Deformed persons and old men are envious. For he that cannot possess held her close and her cheek touched his.

I watched and saw his lips seek hers. A pang shot through me as they touched and clung together—all else forgotten.

"I love you!" he said simply.

And that was the end, as it is the beginning. Oh, Psyche, I'm lonesome—and I'm coming home. CUPID.